

## ING SAVES LIVES.

## FOR MURDERERS EMPLOY THEATRICAL METHODS.

## Lawyers Who Defend Criminals to Make an Impression on the Pathos of Jurymen—Some Notable Where Lawyers Succeeded.

years it has been generally known that all sorts of desperate theatrical devices are constantly used in order to save the lives of persons. But Mr. Wellman, the first prosecutor to make the in open court and quote an in practice right or wrong?

shape the most moving part of William F. Howe's elegant sum-up on behalf of Annie Walden where he besought the jurymen to her youth, her beauty and her

ness. Francis L. Wellman, assistant attorney, began his summing up by prosecution, he urged the jurors to be moved by his adversary's appeal. He called Mr. Howe for his life. He said:

"You had seen him, as I have, and a woman defendant and pinch to make her scream and so arouse sympathy, you would not be so much

ing by his theatrical display." "Then did Mr. Howe pinch?" I asked Wellman.

"No, Nelson," was his prompt reply. "I recall that she had shot her lover because he was packing his trunk preparing to leave her. She was on for her life. Mr. Howe got her

When he had got to that part of his summing up where he called upon the jury to look at her. Ella was sitting beside him, her face toward the jury, resting in her hands. She had been sitting for some minutes, but now she composed.

"Look at that face!" pleaded Mr. Wellman, his voice choked with emotion. "Look at that face! Again he cried, "Look at that face!" and as he did so he

ed Ella's soft wrists in his strong and wrenched her arms apart. A woman screamed with pain and

That scream was enough to freeze blood of anybody who heard it. I do not help thinking that it had much to do with the verdict.

I do not say that it is wrong for counsel to employ theatrical methods in summing their clients. I think it is the duty of the prosecuting officer to do this sort of thing to the

When Mr. House was defending a named Becker in the general session, Becker had a clothing store in the street. He arranged a candle so when it burned down to a certain

at midnight it would set fire to a bagging soaked with kerosene, so when the store and earn Becker a

of seventy-six men, women and children who were sleeping in the tenements above the store.

When Mr. House summed up he was in a quandary. Becker couldn't understand one word in English, therefore how could the poor devil weep at a proper moment? That little difficulty was solved all right. Becker rested

face in his hands and peeped through interlaced fingers at his eloquent defender.

"Think, gentlemen," said Mr. House, "you send this wretched man to prison to punish those innocent little

At that instant Mr. House dropped his handkerchief.

"Wow," came a shriek from Becker. He began like the scream of a catamount, died away in a long drawn wail and

ing sobs. Becker's tears were like snow. Mrs. Becker and the little Becker's tears were a cloudburst. Human

are couldn't stand it. Juror No. 3, a nice old fellow, retired from business and living at home surrounded by

and daughters and chubby grandchildren. He broke down at the second drop of Fred House's handkerchief. At

third drop of the cambric the juror's eyes gushed out beyond the railing, swerving sniffs and gasps came from

of other jurors.

It seems hard to believe, but it is a matter of record that in the face of the evidence against Becker the jury voted three for acquittal and nine for

## COOPER AND WORDSWORTH.

## An Interview with the Aged Poet a Few Years Before His Death.

Thomas Cooper, the veteran character, who has received a grant of £300 from the Civil List, had, on one occasion, a very interesting interview with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. Cooper had been at Carlisle and started on a walk through the Lake country.

It was on the third day after leaving Carlisle that Cooper arrived at Rydal Mount. He was very anxious to see Wordsworth and have a talk with him, but, not knowing the poet and having

no introduction, was rather doubtful as to what the nature of his reception might be. But, summoning all the courage at his command, he boldly strode up to the poet's door and knocked.

In reply to an inquiry he was told that Wordsworth was at home; so he wrote on a slip of paper, "Thomas Cooper, author of 'The Purgatory of Souls,' desires to pay his devout regards to Wordsworth." In a very few minutes

he was in the presence of the "majestic old man," and was bowing with deep and heartfelt homage when Wordsworth seized his hand and welcomed him with such a hearty "How do you do? I am very happy to see you," that Cooper says the tears stood in his eyes for joy.

Nothing struck Cooper so much in Wordsworth's conversation as his remark concerning chaffinches—after the subject of Cooper's imprisonment had been touched upon. "You were right," Wordsworth said. "I have always said the people were in what they asked; but you went the wrong way to get it. There is nothing unreasonable in your

character. It is the foolish attempt at physical force for which many of you have been blamable." By and by the conversation drifted to other subjects.

There was but one occasion, says Cooper, on which I discerned the feeling of jealousy in him; it was when I mentioned Byron. "If there were time," he said, "I could show you how Lord Byron was not so great a poet as you think him to be—but never mind that now." I had just been classing his own sonnets and "Childe Harold" together as the noblest poetry since "Paradise Lost," but did not reassess what I said.

"I am pleased to find," he said, while talking about Byron, "that you preserve your muse chaste and free from rank and corrupt passion. Lord Byron degraded poetry in that respect. Men's hearts are bad enough. Poetry should refine and purify their natures, not make them worse."

Wordsworth's opinion on Tennyson is interesting. Cooper asked the poet what he thought of him. "The day of Tennyson was a day of poetry," Wordsworth said. "He will do great things, but he has done great things."

"His sense of 'seems more perfect than the new race of poets," Wordsworth replied. "The sense of the poet's nature, and Mr. Tennyson gives magnificent proofs that he is endowed with it."

Wordsworth spoke of Southey in the highest terms, and again reverted to politics. "There will be great changes on the Continent," he said, "when the present king of the French dies, but not while he lives. The different governments will have to give constitutions to their people, for knowledge is spreading, and constitutional liberty is sure to follow."

Wordsworth also alluded to the spread of freedom in England, and descended with animation on the growth of mechanics and similar institutions.

"The people are sure to have the franchise," he said with emphasis, "as knowledge increases; but you will not get all you seek at once, and you must never seek it again by physical force," he added, turning to me with a smile; "it will only make you longer about it."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Falling from a Great Height. It will be remembered that Mr. Whympy, who had a severe concussion of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically that as he bounded from one rock to another he felt absolutely no pain. The same thing happens on the battlefield; the entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing or a limb paralyzed that the soldier knows he is wounded.

Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know what limb is broken till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall the whole intellectual activity is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will happen. This is by no means the consequence of "presence of mind." It is rather the product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the victim's soul; they fall painlessly into a great blue sky.

—Drake's Magazine.

Tea in Cashmere. There are two ways of preparing tea in Cashmere. The first is to put the tea in a pot with cold water and boil it for half an hour, when more cold water is added; after which it is boiled for another half hour. Milk is then added and it is ready for drinking. The second is to place the tea in a pot with a little soda and water, and boil it for half an hour as before. Milk, salt and butter are then added, after which it is boiled for another half hour, when it is ready.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Indigestible Banana. "Next to pork," says a physician, "the banana is the most indigestible thing a person can eat, and if you will notice you will see them touched very sparingly by people with weak stomachs. If you can digest them, however, and don't mind the offensive odor, they are very nourishing and one can make a meal of them that is in every way equal for a substantial lunch of bread and meat."

—New York Tribune.

Insane. was the jury's judgment after listening to the testimony and finding the gloomy makeup of the owner. They found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and he was sent to prison for life. Today he is a well-behaved and short-haired

—New York Herald.

## Idiosyncrasies Don't Count.

## "Madam," said the street car conductor to a young lady in a blue calico frock, "you have a dog under your shawl, and you must leave the car."

"What? Leave the car?" vociferated the woman. "I have paid my fare and I'm going to stick right where I am."

"Then I shall put you off," replied the disciplinarian in blue.

All at once a law point came into the woman's head. "Give me back my fare," she said. "I got in here in good faith, and when I paid my five cents a contract was completed. You must either carry it out or return my cash. I'm not responsible because your cranky directors don't like dogs."

The street car official stopped the car and hailed a policeman. The point was stated, and the thief catcher, after pondering for a few moments, observed:

"I ain't no judge nor I ain't no jury, but I claim to have some sense."

"Under your system you might make rules that passengers mustn't wear red neckties or red noses or three dollar trousers, and after they had paid fares show 'em the rules and put them off."

"There is no end to the rules you might make to bunko folks out of their ride, and every time a chap looked cross-eyed you could turn to rule No. 324, providing that he mustn't look cross-eyed and then dump him in the gutter."

"The thing isn't fair. There ain't no law to it and it don't go."

Turning to the young woman he said: "You stay where you are, mum," and to the conductor, "If you try to put her off without giving her back her fare I'll club your head off."

Ting went the bell and on went the car, dog, young woman and all.—New York Herald.

A Sight in a Graveyard. Two visitors to Trinity churchyard, in lower Broadway, attracted a large share of public attention Wednesday afternoon. One was a well-dressed blind man and the other was a boy of sixteen or eighteen years of age, probably a relative of the blind man. The boy led his sightless companion to the grass-bordered slab that bears the name of Charlotte Temple. Dropping on his knees at the side of the grave the blind man

passed his hands eagerly over the face of the stone and an expression of supreme gratification came into his countenance when his fingers touched the sunken letters of the name. The boy called his attention to that part of the slab from which all of the original inscription except the name is said to have been cut.

There is a hollow place there at least 14 inches deep. It forms a basin to catch water for the birds to drink and bathe in. It was nearly full of water on Wednesday afternoon, and the blind

man was drinking from it.

"Old Ironsides." If the portrait of some grand old man lived in the early days of the century could "materialize," and, stepping down, take her place beside the "tailor made girl" of today, the difference would be no more marked than that between the good ship Constitution and a modern "ocean greyhound." Nevertheless, in spite of the topheaviness of the old ship as compared with the new, if the two sailed down our harbor there would be no necessity for an order of "Hats off," and our heartbeats would tell us for which rang out the "three times three."

Well does this great foremother of ours command both love and reverence. Stanch was she with the strength of oak from the forest primeval; unwavering ever as the pole star in the path of duty, and like a true woman of the olden time, ere "rights" and "suffrage" had lifted their heads from the neither chaos, she obeyed her master, while he, true and brave man of the olden time that he was, loved and honored her.—Jane de Forest Shelton in Harper's.

The Inspection of Milk. It has been proposed, and in some parts of the country the law already provides, that the entire milk supplying business shall be open at all times to inspection. Such inspection should include examination into the condition and situation of wells in relation to all surrounding buildings, their proximity to standing water or pools containing organic matter, the condition of barns as to warmth and cleanliness, the kind, condition and healthfulness of the cows from which milk is obtained and the nature of the food given to them.

Inspectors should be at liberty to condemn as unfit for milking any cows suffering from chronic diseases that might be conveyed to man by the use of their milk.—Youth's Companion.

Turtle Eggs. Turtle eggs are an acquired taste with most people, although they are not so with bears. They have a rough, yellow yolk and a white like any other eggs, but you can cook them for a year and the white part will remain liquid. Notice a curious dimple in the side of each one. If you squeeze it out the dimple appears on the other side, and you can never get hold of a turtle egg which hasn't got a dimple in it.—Interview in Washington Star.

Oil for Heavy Machinery. For lubricating the journals of heavy machinery, either rape oil or sperm oil is the best to use in mixture with mineral oil, as they have the least effect on brass and iron, which two metals generally constitute the bearing surfaces of an engine.—Age of Steel.

Out of Date. Housewife—Marie, these fowls are decidedly too tough again, you cannot have put them into the stewpan early enough!

Cook—Right you are, mum; they should have been put in three years ago!

—Paris Figaro.

## Tortured Thirty Years.

## His Sufferings Ended After Using Munyon's Rheumatism Cure

Mr. George Smith of Tacony, Pa., says: "I suffered from rheumatism for 30 years, and had so many severe attacks that some of my joints were twisted out of shape. At times I suffered terrible pain, and, although I tried many remedies, I never obtained any permanent relief until I procured Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. The action of this remedy was wonderfully quick, and, although I have only taken a small quantity, I consider myself permanently cured."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to cure rheumatism in any part of the body. Acute or muscular rheumatism cured in from one to five days. It never fails to cure sharp, shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back, or breast, or soreness in any part of the body in from one to three hours. It is guaranteed to promptly cure lameness, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and pain in the back are speedily cured.

Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Company of Philadelphia put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.—Advt.

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